

Count Harrington by Disdaidal

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Summary:

A lonely Steve Harrington has arranged a Halloween house party. Only his former rival, Billy Hargrove, is showing up at his doorstep.

Count Harrington

Author's Note:

Someone sent me this little Harringrove-related gay vampire ask on Tumblr and I just had to... act on it.

Billy's not the one to usually celebrate Holidays. *He used to*, he used to go trick or treating with Max when he was younger. But then Neil had told him that he's too old for that kind of crap and needs to stop. So now Billy thinks holidays are lame and Halloween is just for kids.

But Steve - *Steve loves Halloween*. It's that one night during the whole year when he gets to be something that he isn't - something that he *secretly* wants to be. And this Halloween he's simply decided that he wants to be a vampire. *Because vampires are cool and scary, right?* In fact, he's even rented *The Lost Boys* movie, to get into that perfect scary night mood.

So when Billy finally makes his way to Harrington's, rings the doorbell and Steve opens the front door for him, dressed up as *a vampire* - dark hair slicked back, wearing white makeup, black cloak and plastic fangs -, Billy rewards him a loud snort, then proceeds to cackle like a hyena.

"*Seriously*, Harrington?"

Steve gives him a deep frown, followed with a childish pout. Slamming his hand on Billy's shoulder to pull him forward.

"Get inside, you dickhead. Where's your costume?"

"Nah, I don't do that kind of shit. I'm here for the party that you promised me... *Count Harrington*." Flashing him that stupid, trademark *Billy Hargrove* grin that he always does and wiggles his eyebrows.

So basically, Billy has already broken one simple rule, which required him to wear a Halloween costume for their private party. And he's already making fun of Steve, which serves to make Steve blush in the slightest. But then again, he's invited *Billy Hargrove*, of all people, to his house, so, he only has himself to blame. The bratty, loud blonde couldn't be nice to him even if he tried (and Billy certainly wasn't even trying).

Steve had just felt so fucking lonely lately, like he always did every year around Halloween, because his parents were never present. Last year, he'd gone to Tina's party with Nancy, just to be humiliated by both Billy and Nancy by the end of the night and having to leave there quickly with tears threatening to spill out of his eyes.

And now, for some twisted fucking reason, Billy is *the only one* who's actually showing up to his house party. Even though Steve can't really tell why; all this time he's thought that *Hargrove simply hated his guts*.

Or maybe he's here just to drink all his booze and then humiliate him some more - it's a plausible option, *knowing Billy*.

Steve tries not to take Billy's words into heart though and leads him further into his house. He's put up Halloween decorations everywhere in the house to fit the mood, and lit several candles. He's also put some pain and effort into making some snacks for them, baking some cookies as well and already raided his parents' liquor cabinet, pulling out a huge bottle of red wine.

Billy whistles lowly, appreciating the all the effort that Steve's put into this at least. Not knowing that Steve could actually cook and bake too. Even if Billy also has to put up his usual jackass act and make fun of Steve's costume, throwing terrible vampire puns at him. He even takes a sniff at the wine glass in his hand, poking his tongue out and sticking the tip into the red liquid. *Just to make sure that Harrington's not an actual freak, and that's not real blood.*

Steve rolling his eyes at Billy because seriously, this guy could be a real pain in the ass sometimes. Even if the sight of Billy flicking his tongue out to taste the wine makes Steve feel slightly hotter. *And it isn't just because of the wine already circling in his system.*

Once they'd sat down on Steve's couch to finally watch the *Lost Boys*, Billy literally can't shut up (not that he ever could) about David's blond mullet and the dangle earring, 'cause ya know, *he's so fucking cool*'. Proceeds to run his fingers through his own mullet and lightly touches his own earring, then gives Steve a proud wink and a grin - like those things are literally the best thing about him. To which Steve merely snorts at and shakes his head, trying his hardest not to blush at Billy's stupid little wink again.

Hargrove just knows how to make things awkward between them. And yet somehow, it serves to *turn Steve on even more*.

But then Billy also keeps on blabbering nonstop because according to *him*, the relationship between Michael and David is *so not straight*.

"Harrington. What kind of gay movie is this anyway? You sure you picked this from the horror section and not just some weird... *gay vampire porn section?*"

Not that Billy would know *anything about gay porn*. *He would absolutely never.*

Steve proceeds to roll his eyes yet again, probably for the hundredth time during that night already, and tells Billy to shut up and have some more wine. *Which is exactly what Billy does.*

Later when the movie's credits are finally rolling in, and they're both pretty drunk (*especially Billy* because Steve had to fetch another wine bottle *just for him*), Billy's sitting shirtless on the floor, between Steve's legs who's sitting on the couch, also shirtless now, his knees resting on each side of Billy's body.

And Billy's head is spinning just a little bit; there's that pleasant heat circling in his chest and belly from all that wine he's consumed so far. He's drunk but not too drunk to feel sick yet. And he kind of wants to just get up and get moving, do something about that light spinning in his head – anything but lie against *his former rival* like they're suddenly in love or something.

But at the same time, he also very much enjoys having the heat of Steve's body against his back. The scent of Steve's cologne filling his senses, the somewhat rough surface of his dark jeans pressing against

his back, which however, doesn't feel entirely unpleasant. And Billy just... *leans back*.

When Steve feels Billy leaning back against him, into his lap and basically *into his crotch*, his heart begins rapidly racing too. Heat gathering down in his belly and in his groin, and he's suddenly praying that he's not going to pop a boner against Hargrove's back. Because that would just be awkward, now wouldn't it?

But then again, Billy is the one leaning *into him*. Doesn't seem to mind their closeness and isn't showing any signs of pulling away from him. *Almost like he wants it*.

It does raise a few questions in Steve's head; questions that he almost wants to ask. But he decides against it at the last minute and zips his lips tightly before he can say *anything* that he might regret later on.

Instead, he's leaning forward, closer to Billy and places his arms on his shoulders without a second thought. Testing the waters, wanting to see how Billy's reacting to his touch. Lightly resting his head against Billy's as well, even though he knows it's probably a dumb move – Hargrove could headbutt him at any given second and give him a concussion. But with the alcohol running in his system, Steve just isn't thinking that straight anymore. He proceeds to lean his head even further against Billy's, feeling the soft curls press against his cheek. His breath falling hot on the other man's neck even though he isn't really aware of it.

Billy surprises him by leaning even further between his legs, almost slumping backwards into his lap, and Steve could swear that he hears Billy *hum*. A small, *low hum* in his throat.

And the soft sound that Billy does deep in his throat, does *things to Steve*. He's *really fighting* the urge not to pop a boner against Billy's back now. Knowing that he must be pretty fucking desperate, lusting after *his former rival* because he hadn't gotten laid in a long time. But fuck, he would be lying if he said that Billy Hargrove wasn't *one hot son of a bitch*. Making Steve seriously question his sexuality each and every time, even though he's already had a threesome with Tommy and Carol once, making out with Tommy in front of Carol because they were both high and she thought it was hot, *but that was different*.

Tommy wasn't Billy. And Billy wasn't Tommy. No, Billy Hargrove was something else, something more.

And Billy's breathing hitches lightly too when he feels Steve's breath falling hot on his neck. Closing his eyes and almost instinctively tilting his head to the side - like he's offering himself for an easy meal for the other man. Like *he wants Steve to feast on his neck*. 'Cause *Steve's a vampire tonight and vampires suck, ha ha*.

And then, Steve's lifting his head from Billy's neck, his pink lips almost brushing against the soft, sensitive ear of Billy Hargrove – that one ear where his precious dangle earring is hanging from. And without a second thought, whispers the first thing that comes to his mind, right in Billy's ear:

"I could suck you dry, Hargrove."

His voice is husky, a little bit slurred, both from the wine and the fact that his brain had just escaped from his skull and taken control of his dick now. And Billy *knows* Steve's just as drunk as he is. Not thinking straight, just like Billy isn't thinking *straight* right now. The heat pooling down in his stomach, clenching from arousal just from thinking about having Steve's mouth on him - those sinful, pink fucking lips of his sucking him to the very last drop.

"That another freaky vampire fantasy of yours, Harrington?"

Because Billy just doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut. And this time, he actually wants to slap himself for that.

Surprisingly, Steve doesn't pull away at that though; he actually *snorts* at his response. Billy frowning and tensing just a little bit because he doesn't know how Steve's going to react. His breath getting even heavier, almost whimpering when Steve slowly moves his hands away from his shoulders - wanting to reach for them and pull them back on him. But then they are snaking past Billy's arms, over his chest, and Billy damn near *jolts* when those long, sinful fingers are suddenly finding his nipples and pinching at them.

It doesn't hurt; it doesn't even feel unpleasant. But his nipples are just so *goddamn sensitive*, and he almost curses aloud because he realizes that he's reacted like some sensitive, little bitch now. Like he's some fucking virgin and getting touched for the first time. Something that Harrington's bound to notice and could easily make fun of. And now Billy's dick had suddenly taken interest in the situation too, rapidly chubbing up in his pants. Just from having *his nipples toyed with*.

His eyes remain closed, holding his breath and tensing his body but

he could almost *swear* that Harrington's *smiling* against cheek - *that smug son of a bitch*. Bet he's thought about doing that to Billy for a long time, and now he's finally getting the reaction he's been looking for and getting a kick out of it.

To make matters even worse, Steve tilts his head again and actually lets his lips *brush* against the soft skin of Billy's sensitive ear. Brushing ever so lightly but enough to make Billy shiver. Even *flicking his tongue out*, dragging the wet tip against the length of his earlobe, like Billy wasn't already struggling to keep his dick in his pants.

"*It's not your blood* that I want to suck, Hargrove. If you catch my drift."

Turning it into another breathless, *husky* whisper. Nibbling at Billy's ear ever so slightly.

And yeah, Billy *catches his drift*. Catches it very well indeed.

In fact, he can't really even help it this time - he actually *groans* softly at Steve's words. Feeling ashamed that he'd suddenly let it slip past his lips, like he no longer had any control over his own body, because *now* he definitely sounds like one big, needy bitch. One of those bitches that the old *King Steve* would bring here just to bed them, *every fucking weekend*, just to pop their sweet little cherries.

Because while Steve might've lost his crown and most of his friends, he sure as fuck *hadn't lost his charm*. If he could fuck Billy with that husky voice of his, those words and those long fingers of his, he would. *And Billy would absolutely let him*.

Billy's heard all about *King Steve*, all those stories that Steve's old buddy Tommy had kindly filled him in with. That Steve's dick has seen a lot of action – that half of the Hawkins High's girls were singing and writing ballads of his *nine fucking inches*. Or was it even *ten*. Billy could honestly not keep up with Tommy's stories anymore.

And it's not like Billy had even bought into those stories, not really. Tommy Hagan was mostly full of shit, so at least half of what he's said had to be bullshit. And while Billy could at least admit that he's been checking Steve out in the school's showers because *hey, he was curious to see if the king even lived up to his reputation* - and then deemed that Steve was decent sized at least. But *hung like a horse*? It's not like Billy could even see Steve's dick properly in the showers or anything because he didn't want to openly stare at his junk while there were other jocks showering in the same room too, but still.

Steve couldn't possibly be *that big*, right?

Besides, that's not why Billy had come here tonight, anyway. He hadn't come here because he was feeling lonely, because he was actually harboring *a massive crush* on Harrington (even if he was absolutely terrible at showing it) or hoping to test some silly rumors regarding *King Steve*.

Because... *Steve Harrington is straight*, he only likes girls. That's what everybody says, all the time.

Billy had come here to party, get drunk with Steve because frankly speaking, he was sick of drinking with Tommy and Carol. Sick of

hearing their stupid voices, understanding perfectly why Steve had ditched them in the end. And because Billy wanted to get away from Vicki Carmichael as well, because the dumb broad just couldn't take the hint.

And yet... When Steve had whispered those sinful words in his ear, taking Billy completely off guard, practically taking his breath away at the same time while making his dick thicken his pants, Billy might've just been convinced that maybe, *just maybe*, Steve wasn't so straight, after all.

That maybe he wanted Billy, too.

At least it was enough to fill him up with hope, dreams and desires. Dreams and desires that Billy might've kept inside of him for a long time now because those things that he'd dreamed about *would never happen*, and Steve would never reciprocate those kinds of feelings anyway.

But then, Steve was really whispering *those sinful words* in Billy's ear. Making all the rational thoughts escape from Billy's brain as well. Because he had never been too good at thinking for too long anyway; *just acting on his feelings*.

Billy knows it could be a mistake. Steve could be just fucking with him. Making fun of him, toying with his feelings. Wanting to test the waters, *test him*. See if his old *King Steve* charm could work on Billy too.

Because Hargrove isn't gay, is he?

But the truth is, the longer Billy sits there, leaning against his old enemy (and his secret crush), the more he starts to realize that he really doesn't give a fuck anymore. That he probably should but doesn't. Figures he's got nothing to lose, and if he does, he doesn't really care if he loses it anyway.

He's come here for a reason. And he isn't willing to back down anymore.

Because Billy Hargrove isn't a pussy.

So, he gives Steve a small, tentative nod after a while. Breathing heavily through his nose as he tries to gather his thoughts and mentally pull himself together, prepare himself for the possible, disappointing blow; *a pitiful sneer from the king's lips.*

But Steve doesn't do that. He stalls and his breath hitches too. Billy could still feel him warm against his back, his breath hot and lingering against his neck. But Steve doesn't do anything, doesn't say anything - it's like Billy had suddenly broken him.

Billy then opens his eyes and turns his head slowly, readying himself to meet Steve's big hazel eyes with his bright blue ones. Steve has taken those stupid fangs off and his pretty face is still covered in white paint, his eyes framed with a black eyeshadow. But fuck, if he

isn't just gorgeous in Billy's eyes, right there, right now.

And Billy knows he's doomed.

The slow descent of dark, heavy eyelashes against freckled cheekbones as he finally whispers breathlessly:

"Do it then, big boy. *Suck me dry.*"

And that's exactly what Steve does. Sucking Billy dry, *to the last drop*, like he's absolutely thirsty for him. Then later *claims him*, in his bed and completely wrecks him until he's shaking.

Steve's former rival quickly learning that those stories about *his nine or ten inches* were not just rumors, and he's loving *every single inch of it*.

Billy suddenly wants to write ballads about it too, then howl them into the night like a wolf, or *a werewolf* (which he soon regrets not having dressed up as for this Halloween).

Because it really is the *best fucking Halloween Billy Hargrove's ever had*.

Being sucked and claimed by *Count Harrington*, in his big bed, *in his big castle*. Together curing their loneliness, feeding into each other's fantasies, then curled up in his bed together, kissing each other silly – the faint moonlight shining through the curtains.

And Billy's certain he's made the right decision to come here tonight. Wanting to do it *again and again*.

So, maybe next Halloween?

Author's Note:

I haven't published any kind of fanfiction in years, so... this probably isn't my best writing. But I've been obsessed with Harringrove since the last autumn and I finally wanted to publish something. I also love "The Lost Boys", so I couldn't resist adding it here as well. xD I originally posted this writing on Tumblr but slightly edited some parts.